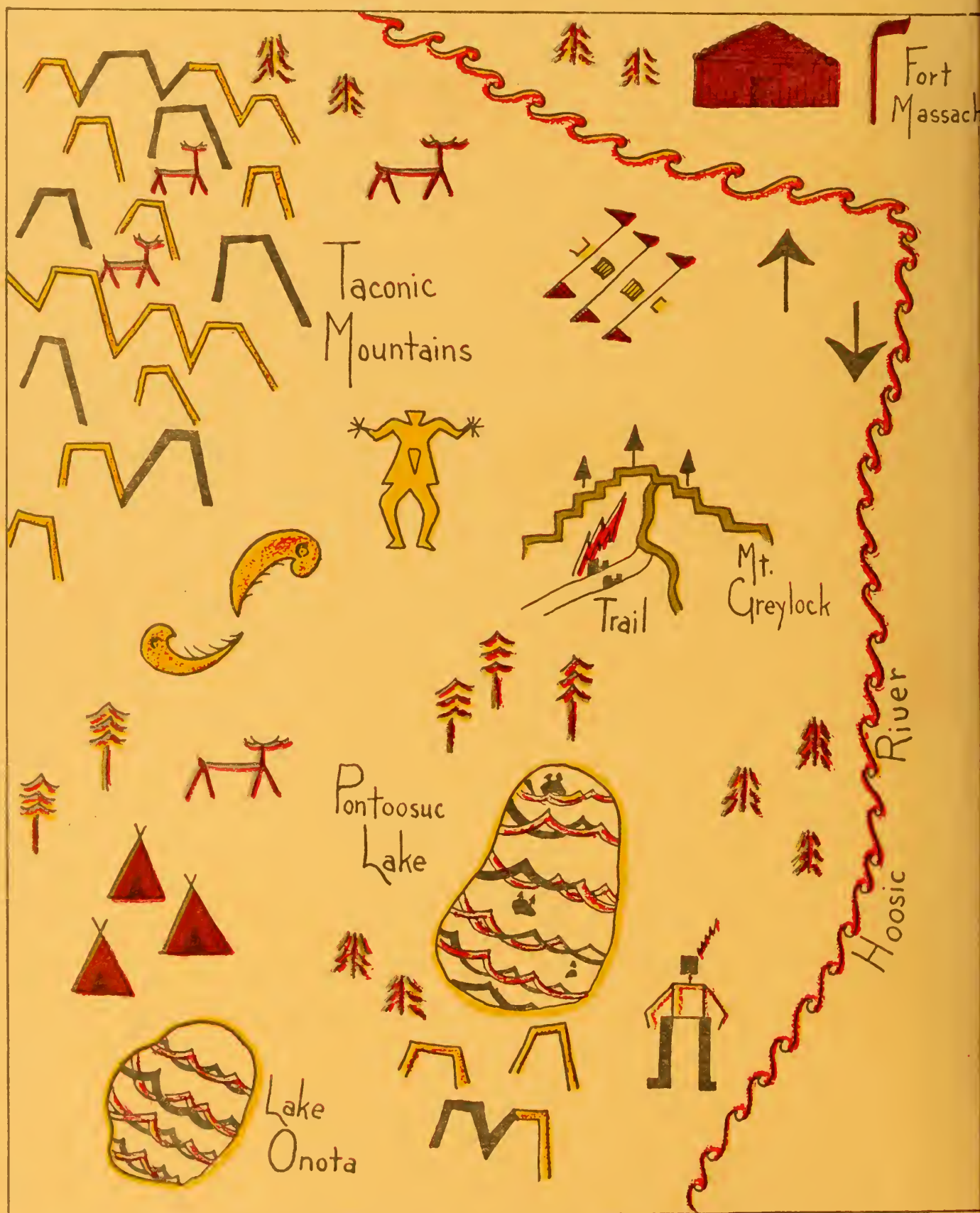


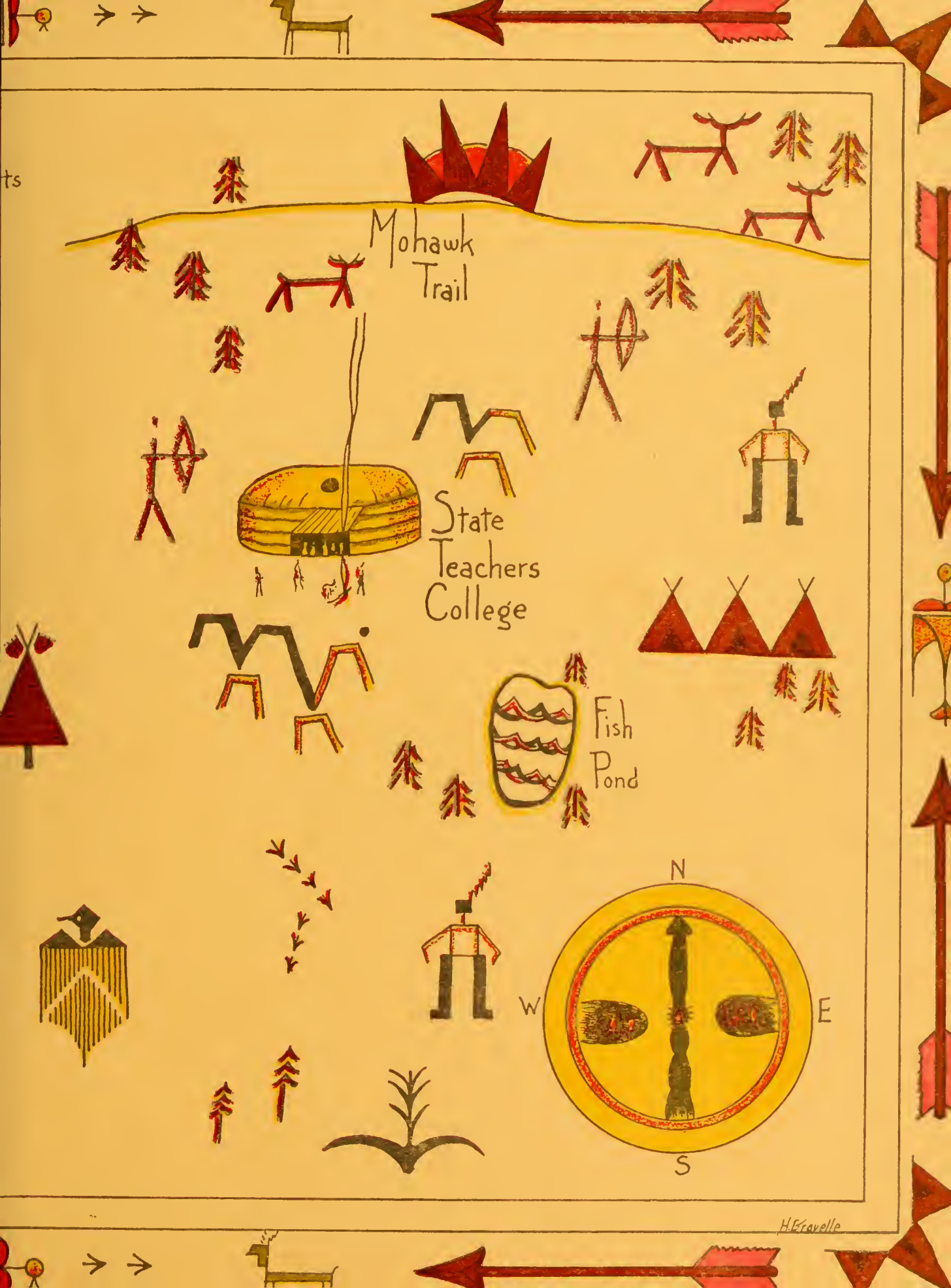
# N I S A T I N



1938







Mohawk  
Trail

State  
Teachers  
College

Fish  
Pond

H. Cravell



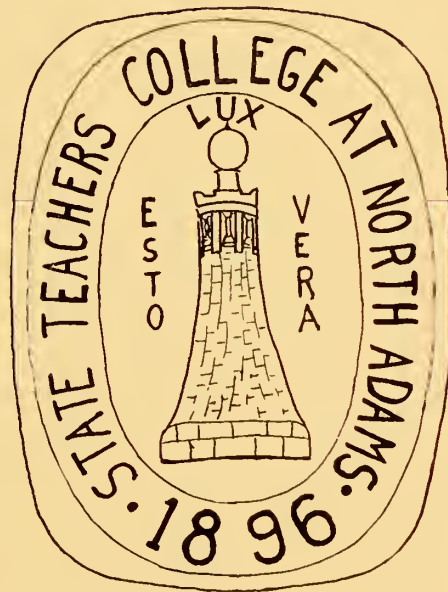






# N I S A T I N

*(at the foot of the mountain)*



*State Teachers College at North Adams  
nineteen hundred thirty-eight*





# CONTENTS

DEDICATION . . . . .	7
FACULTY . . . . .	14
SENIORS . . . . .	16
HISTORY . . . . .	39
WILL . . . . .	41
PROPHECY . . . . .	43
UNDERCLASSMEN . . . . .	48
ACTIVITIES . . . . .	52
ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	69



# DEDICATION



To

WALLACE H. VENABLE

for his quiet and unostentatious yet  
firm and thoughtful guidance of our  
class, we respectfully dedicate this  
yearbook.





## TO THE CLASS OF 1938:

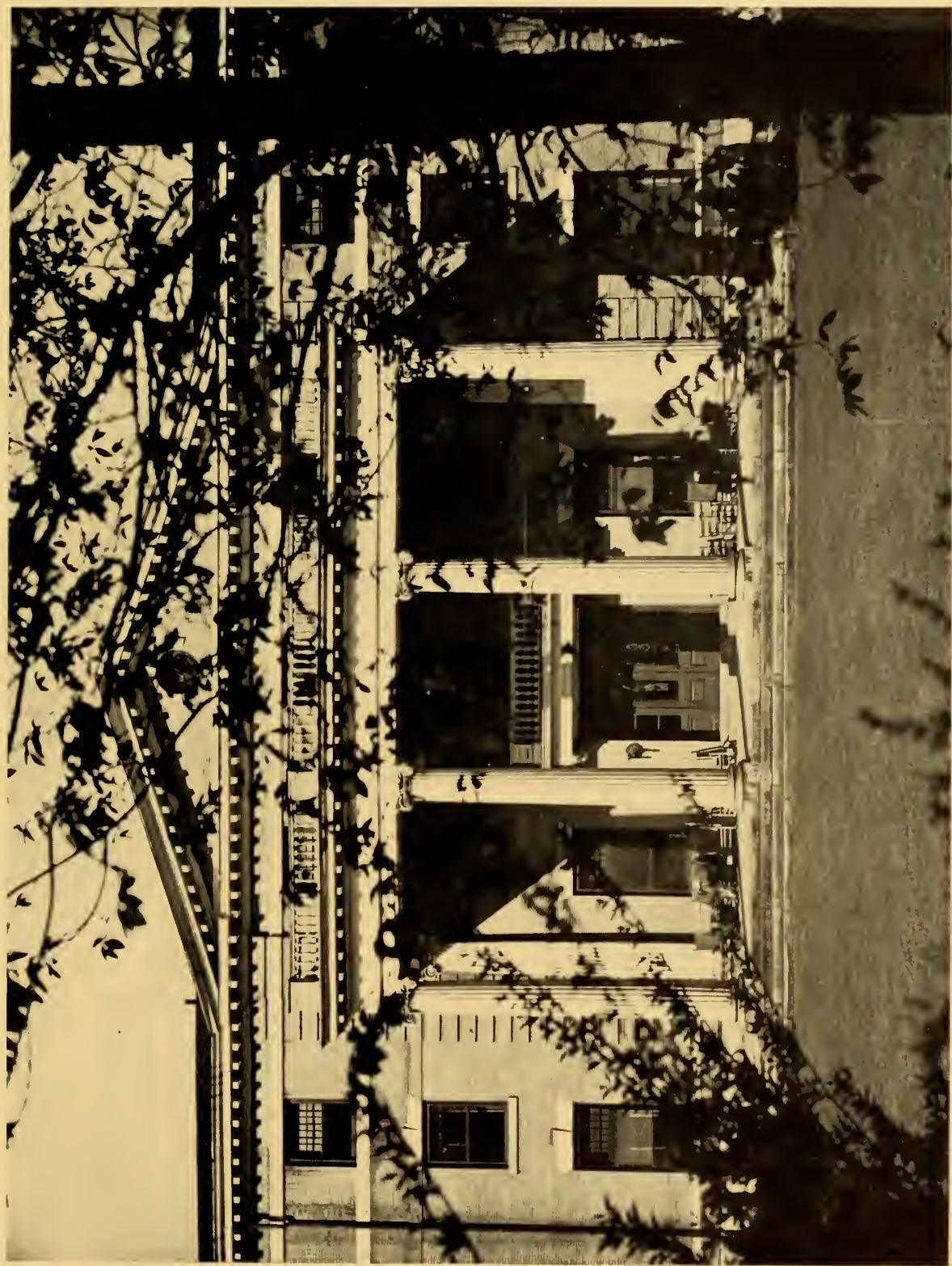
IN A FEW days you will be leaving college; but in all the years to come, the college can never leave you. With you will ever be the memories of the experiences, the friendships and loves of four glorious years of youth. Much of the knowledge which you so laboriously acquired will be forgotten—but the spirit of learning and the joy of scholarship will not depart. The glimpses of truth and beauty given you here will make it impossible for you to be satisfied with anything less than the best in life. This is the final measure of your education.

You go out to teach. To the throngs of children into whose lives you are to come, may you bring only that which you have found to be good and true. Out of your own richness in living may you give freely and gladly to those less fortunate so that they, in their turn, may be released from poverty of mind and spirit. This will be the true measure of your teaching.

May the dreams of your youth come true.

*Grover C. Bowman, President*















### College Faculty

President Grover C. Bowman  
Williams B.A.  
Yale M.A.

Lillian Boyden  
Boston University B.S., M.A.

Harry S. Broudy  
Boston University B.A.  
Harvard M.A., Ph.D.

Thomas Cummings

Grace L. Donelson

Andrew S. Flagg  
Mass. School of Art B.S. in Ed.

Roger F. Holmes  
Wesleyan B.A.  
Boston University Ed.M.

Elizabeth M. Jenkins  
Columbia M.A.

Edmund Luddy  
Boston College B.A.  
Boston University M.A.

Mary Underhill  
Radcliffe B.A., M.A.  
Harvard Ed.M.

Wallace H. Venable  
University of Vermont B.S.  
Columbia M.A.

Beth A. Weston  
Boston University B.S., Ed.M.

Blair Queeney, Matron  
Framingham State Teachers College  
B.S. in Ed.





### Training School Faculty

Fannie A. Bishop, B.S.E.

Alice M. Card

Ethel M. Carpenter

Viola Cooper

Martha E. Durnin, B.S.E.

E. Idella Haskins

Catherine L. Tobin, B.S.E.

Marion H. Ketchum

Loretta J. Loftus

Veronica A. Loftus

Ruth A. Lyman

Helen E. Mallery

Mary Nagle

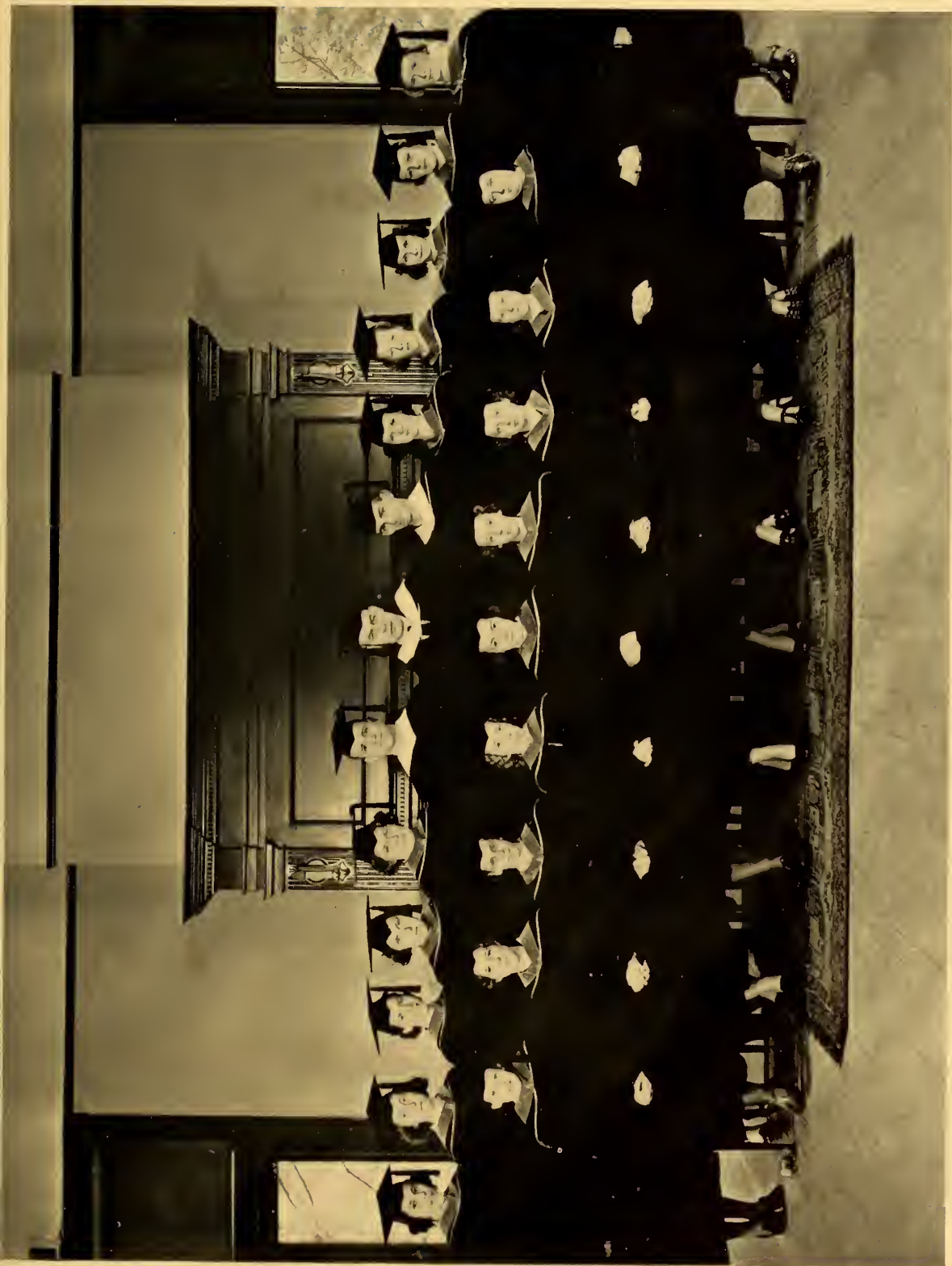
## SENIORS

*We have spent four happy years here  
At our college in the Berkshires,  
Making friendships we'll remember  
After time has dimmed our vision.*









SENIOR CLASS





## MILDRED BOYD

*"Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
And soft humanity are here."*

Class Vice-President (1,2,3,4); Drama Club (1,2,3,4), Vice-President (2); W.A.A. Secretary (2), Treasurer (3); *Beacon* Staff (3); *Nisatin* Staff (4); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); "I'll Leave It To You" (3); President's List, Mid-year 1938; Chairman of Freshman Dance; Ivy Oration (3); Archery



SHE'S versatile, that girl Billie. Hark to her list of accomplishments. She writes cleverly, both music and literature — witness the class history. She dances well — a break for the men at the proms. She mimics — did you ever hear her rendition of Stepin Fetchit or Donald Duck? She is an actress in her own right — remember Faith Crombie? She sings — for the entertainment of others as well as herself. Add to all this, she is a winner when it comes to teaching. » » » There is never a dull moment with Bill in our midst. Our college lives would have seemed incomplete without those witty tales, those entertaining acts, those thoughtfully considerate deeds.



## SHIRLEY CHAMPLIN

*"The great woman is she who does not lose her child's heart."*

House Council (3,4), President (4); Student Council (2); Framingham Conference (2); Drama Club (1,2,3,4), Treasurer (2), Vice-President (3); *Nisatin* Staff (4), *Beacon* Staff (3); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); Poetry Club (4); "Twig of Thorn" (1); "Icebound" (2); "I'll Leave It To You" (3); President's List, Mid-year, 1938; Basketball; W.A.A.

"FOR she's a jolly good fellow . . ." A welcome addition to any class is this lass with her alert and vivacious personality. Shirl goes her happy way, squeezing as much fun out of life as her high spirits and the dorm rules will allow. » » » She is an intriguing combination of seriousness and hilarity — the woman and the child. At one moment she may be convincingly dynamic in the fight against the menace of war. In the next she may be planning ways in which to add to her collection of china dogs. » » » From Shirl we may well take to heart the lesson that both hard work and play are essential to complete success. She has won a high place in our affections. To know her is to invite happiness.

## RUTH COHEN

*"Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information about it."*

Glee Club (1,2,4); Current Events Club (4);  
Class Finance Committee (4); Soccer; W.A.A.



ONE OF the most difficult tasks that we know of is to train ourselves to read something in a newspaper besides the "funnies." Ruth's ability to read a paper thoroughly and conscientiously, and to remember accurately what is worth recalling, shows how steady application of mind can achieve results. » » » An unusual amount of the spirit of cooperation is an integral part in the make-up of Ruth's character. Whatever the task, she is always willing to do her share, and usually she does more. » » » Ruth shows a lively interest in learning. Books, concerts, lectures — and, we mustn't forget, radio programs, she finds valuable in helping to gain an intelligent outlook on the world. » » » Ruthie will never know monotony, nor will others when she is with them.



CLAIRE DEMPSEY

*"Do not delay,*

*Do not delay: the golden moments fly."*

Drama Club (1,2,3,4), President (4); *Nisatin* Staff (4); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); Freshman Class Chairman (2,3); Art Club (4); Poetry Club (4); Salem Conference (4); "Twig of Thorn" (1); "I'll Leave It To You" (3); Soccer; W.A.A.

CLAIRE Dempsey? Business manager of the *Nisatin*? Well of course — who else. She has a business head on her shoulders, is economical too, and has a way of making a small amount of class money accomplish a tremendous amount of work. She is adept at managing almost anything — from a publication to a prom. » » » Claire is a loyal supporter of any activity whether it is selling tickets for a play or assisting on an assembly program. She puts herself wholeheartedly into it. What's more, she shows herself able to take orders as well as issue them. » » » She proves herself an all around girl, ready to take the fun along with the responsibilities. Claire's sparkling blue eyes and mirth-provoking smile will linger long in our memories.

## RUTH DENISON

*"I would study, I would know."*

Drama Club (1,2,3,4), Secretary (3); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); Poetry Club (4); Ensemble (2,3); House Council (1,2,3,4), Vice-President (3,4); *Nisatin* Staff (4); Fire Chief (3); "Twig of Thorn" (1); Class Finance Committee (3); President's List, Mid-year 1938; Basketball; W.A.A.



RUTHIE — sweet and gentle by nature. We believe she is an answer to any instructor's prayer. Conscientious and thorough in homework; punctual in handing in material; politely attentive to even the dullest lectures, — Ruth is the ideal student, yet she retains her sense of humor and love of fun. » » » Extra curricular as well as curricular activities attract her attention. Largely as a result of her efforts as chairman, our first public dance was a success. » » » When given a task she proceeds with vitality and precision, carefully and intelligently following it through. She is an example of the fastidiousness which should be the aim of any teacher, or for that matter of any girl. » » » Because of her disposition Ruthie makes a steadfast companion, a true playfellow, and a charming friend in the game of life.





## HELEN GRAVELLE

*"The eyes are charmed by paintings, the ears by music."*

Glee Club (1,2,3,4), President (3,4); Art Club (1,2,3,4); Dramatic Club (1,2,3,4); Current Events Club (4); Class Song, Music; *Nisatin* Staff (4); "S.T.C.N.A."; Archery; W.A.A.

TO ALL outward appearances Helen seems lighthearted and untroubled by the fretful cares of everyday life. We feel sure, however, that the president of a glee club must have had a tiny worry now and then. » » » She had proved herself invaluable to the school and indispensable to the class whenever a skilled pianist was needed. A concert? Helen can dash off something classical. A school party? Get Helen Gravelle to play some swing music. » » » We are inclined to believe in the saying that a person who has talent along one aesthetic line may be gifted in another artistic field. The fact that we owe part of the success of the *Nisatin* to Helen's clever sketches bears out this statement. » » » Here is one girl who will never lack for hobbies. We only hope the profession of teaching will leave her a bit of time in which to pursue them.

DORIS JACOB

*"To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds  
an infamous history."*

Student Council, President (4); Glee Club  
(1,2,4); Drama Club (1,2,3,4); W.A.A., Treas-  
urer (2); Boston Conference (4); "Twig of Thorn"  
(1); "S.T.C.N.A."; Basketball



NEVER disorderly, always the personification of good taste — that's Dot. She has that flair for wearing clothes that is commonly called chic. We would like to say that sport and tailored clothes give the effect. The one flaw in this convincing bit of rationalizing is the fact that Dot looks equally attractive in a frilly evening gown. » » » Dot has an unfathomable sense of humor which makes her a cheery, congenial companion. » » » Good taste, good humor, and good common sense prevail in her actions. Upon her we have placed the most responsible of school positions, that of being President of the Student Council. » » » Summed up in a few words we would call her a genuine good sport, known by all — and liked. Success cannot but come her way.



## MARGARET LaFONTAINE

*"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."*

Class Treasurer (1,2,3,4); *Nisatin* Staff (4); Ensemble (1,2,3,4); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); "The Twig of Thorn" (1); "I'll Leave It To You" (3); Ivy Oration (3); Chairman of Senior Formal; "S.T.C.N.A."; Soccer; Salem Conference (4); Drama Club (1,2,3,4); W.A.A.

SHALL we say that she possesses that "elusive, intangible, indefinable something" known as charm? To us it appears to be natural rather than acquired poise which surrounds her. Whatever it may be, she has the power of making one feel at ease in her presence; and also a still greater power — that of appearing at ease in the presence of others. » » » The ensemble will regret losing such a loyal member. Her unfailing assistance has always brought success to every ensemble appearance. » » » Drama is another of the arts towards which she turns. She excels in this, as she does in anything which she genuinely likes. » » » Added to her list of achievements we find that Peg also plays a mean game of soccer. Charming? Yes. Versatile? Yes. Unmindful of it all, she goes calmly and graciously on her way — a true lady.

## MARGARET LANOUE

*"Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life — a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite."*

*Nisatin* Editor; Student Council (3,4) Secretary-Treasurer (3,4); Class Song, Words; Chairman of Ring Committee (3); *Beacon* Staff (1,3); Massachusetts Press Conference (2); Salem Conference (4); President's List, Mid-year 1938; "Twig of Thorn" (1); Drama Club (1,2,3,4); Glee Club (1,2,3,4); Art Club (4); Current Events Club (4); Badminton; W.A.A.



DURING our four years at school we have sensed a growing admiration for Margaret. At first we envied her consistently high scholastic standing. As our contacts became more intimate we realized that she possessed other abilities which were valuable to us as a class. We depended on her discriminating taste and intelligent judgments at times of stress and strain " " " She performed her duties well. How competently she pursued her task of collecting student dues! " " " Notwithstanding the fact that at times she may have seemed rather serious, we can't forget that contagious giggle that found its way into our hearts. " " " In our mental picture of Babe we shall inevitably find ourselves thinking of a person who is skilled in the art of book larnin', who is effervescent with the joys of living, and who is a good friend — in need and indeed. " " " Don't let that Ph.D. change you, Babe!





SIGRID LOBDELL

*"Her soft cheeks make the maple fade,  
Such tint, such bloom, was theirs alone."*

Glee Club (1); Drama Club (3,4); Poetry Club (4); Current Events Club (4); President's List, Mid-year 1933; Basketball; W.A.A.

THAT lovely velvety complexion which Siggie possesses is characteristic of her Norwegian heritage. She may well pride herself upon it. Sig is that blond Nordie type of which we cannot talk lest a bit of envy creeps in. » » » We also wish we might be able to talk or write as intelligently on as many subjects as Sig does. She is able to keep a conversation rolling along and make it entertaining as well as enlightening. » » » She has a kindly word for whomever she meets and is deeply sincere when she sympathizes with anyone. Helpful in our times of sorrow and joyous in our times of gladness, she is able to put herself in the other person's position — to be sad when others are sad and happy when others are glad. » » » We wish we could have seen more of her than we did in her sporadic appearances at extra-curricular activities, but she has made her permanent impression on us, just the same.

CLARA McCORMICK

*"Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows  
a spark."*

Permanent Member of Dance Committee; Glee  
Club (1,2), Treasurer (2); W.A.A.



TO THOSE who do not know her, Clara gives the impression of being rather abstracted. She possesses a hidden subtle wit which emerges at special occasions. In fact, her remarks are few and far between, but they can pierce the conversation with the unexpectedness and sharpness of a sudden explosion. Having recovered from the shock we are impressed with the fact that only Clara could have phrased the remark in words which were so devastating. » » » Her greatest asset is her unselfish willingness to assist at any occasion. With a sincere spirit of helpfulness and sympathy she accepts her share. She also possesses that rare ability of being able to get along with anyone, at any time, and under any circumstances. » » » Above all, we appreciate the fact that she is an excellent listener. Perhaps that is one of the main secrets of her success.



ALICE McGRATH

*"My own thoughts  
Are my companions."*

Archery; W.A.A.

AL'S amiable nature makes her one of those priceless individuals who, though non-committal, are agreeable and easily dealt with. We have yet to witness the occasion when her accommodating spirit is lacking. » » » She is apt to keep her thoughts to herself, and when troubled or worried she does not burden others with her cares. This attitude of bearing her share of trouble we noticed particularly when she was confined at home for one third of our sophomore year by a broken leg. » » » To take everything as it comes along shows that she possesses that quality of sportsmanship so essential to complete happiness. » » » She is extremely modest about one of her talents — playing the piano. As accompanist in our senior talent show, we had an opportunity to appreciate it. » » » It is gratifying to know a person who is without pretension, her own natural self at all times.

## BETTY NEYLAND

*"Those graceful acts, those thousand de-  
cencies that daily flow from all her words  
and actions."*

Class President (1,2,3,4); Student Council (1,2,-  
3,4); Drama Club (1,2,3,4); Glee Club (1,2,3,4);  
Poetry Club (4); "Twig of Thorn" (1); "I'll  
Leave It To You" (3); W.A.A. Conference  
(3,4); New York Conference (3); President's  
List, Mid-year, 1938; "S.T.C.N.A."; Basket-  
ball; W.A.A.



**T**O MEET Betty is to come in contact with a personality that unconsciously elicits the best in itself through the conscious effort of being considerate of others. » » » Who else could have made so capable an executive? A combination of delightfully contrasting traits gives her a rarity of character that is essential to the true leader. Serious, reticent, understanding at times; at others buoyant of spirit, entertainingly enthusiastic; and always deceptively nonchalant if the occasion demands nonchalance. » » » Betty is an eager sports enthusiast. Each approaching season brings with it a new sporting thrill for her. Swimming, tennis, basketball, skiing, hiking, etc. etc. have given her a radiant appearance. » » » Efficient and lovable leader of this, the class of '38, we can think of nothing more fitting to say than, "May success and happiness be yours and may we learn to appreciate you as you truly deserve."





### FLORENCE PELTIER

*"When you do dance, I wish you a wave  
o' the sea, that you might even do nothing  
but that."*

Glee Club (1,2,4); Poetry Club (4); *Nisatin*  
Staff (4); *Beacon* Staff (3); Chairman of Senior  
Formal; "S.T.C.N.A."; Basketball; W.A.A.

“ANY CHANCE of a ride downtown?” » » » Miss Florence Peltier, free taxi driver for S.T.C., may calmly remark: “Come along, I have only seven passengers now. We can squeeze you in somewhere.” We say she may calmly remark because this is no unusual occurrence. She has always been more than generous with the use of her car. What we would have done without her it is impossible to say. Flo’s life is overflowing with an animatedness which is evident in all that she does. The same spirited vitality which one notices about her dancing is also in evidence on the basketball court. She has a likable impetuosity about her. It is this unpredictable quality that keeps life from being dull for her and for us, for incidentally, riding in the car with her is a rather exciting pleasure.

## BERTHA RAY

*"Too busy with the crowded hour to fear  
to live or die."*

Nisatin Staff (4); Salem Conference (4); Chairman of Junior Prom; Drama Club (3,4); Art Club (4); Poetry Club (4); Glee Club (1,4); Class Poem (3); Commuter's Club (4); Soccer; W.A.A.



“GOOD things come in small packages.” This smallest package in our class contains so much vitality, so much liveliness, so much talent that the rest of us can not but stand and wonder. But because she is tiny, do not think that she will be compelled to teach tiny children, for she has the determination and perseverance that will make her a successful teacher of even junior high school boys. However we would not be surprised to find someday the name of Bertha Ray at the top in the costume designing industry, or the theatrical make-up business, or the literary elite, or even the musical world, for in all these fields she has shown her ability. Bert, as our official make-up artist, has very effectively transformed our actresses into old ladies, young men, or old men as the role demanded. Her courage, ambition, determination, and sincerity have demanded our greatest respect and admiration.



CHARLOTTE ROKITA

*"I love my duty, love my friend,  
Love truth and merit to defend."*

Class Finance Committee (4); Reading Club  
(1,2,3); Soccer; W.A.A.

THIS lady of the flashing brown eyes possesses an extremely keen insight into the ways of people. Her sense of humor is searching, and she has the rare ability to see the joke when it is on herself. Another trait that it would be wise to learn from her is that of systematic and precise workmanship. She gave herself to the task of helping to increase the class fund and through her untiring efforts we raised a goodly amount. » » » Charlotte has a hobby which intrigues us all. She dresses dolls in their native costumes. The workmanship is exquisite and the results are dainty and lovely to look at. » » » As for her athletic prowess, she was one of the main reasons why we would have liked to play the other Teachers Colleges in soccer. She was a crack player in more ways than one.

## CHARLOTTE VAN DAM

*"On their own merits modest men are dumb."*

W.A.A., President (4), Vice-President (3);  
Class Secretary (1,2,3,4); *Beacon* Staff (3);  
Drama Club (1,2,3,4); "Twig of Thorn" (1);  
"S.T.C.N.A."; Soccer



IT'S grand to have known Charlotte. Modest of nature, she has become "More bright from obscurity." Being an unobtrusive person, she will not even take that credit she rightfully deserves. Not only as a class but as a school have we shown our belief in her ability by electing her to the position of President of the W.A.A. » » » Had we left it to Charlotte to tell you, probably you would not know that she has the highest P.F.I. (Physical Fitness Index) of anyone in the school. Perhaps it is because of this that her capacity for endurance is boundless. » » » If we weren't afraid that she wouldn't appreciate being held up as a model, we might mention her superhuman ability to come punctually to meetings, basketball games, and rehearsals, a quality that the rest of us would do well to cultivate. » » » A rare personality is hers, of cool efficiency combined with the ardor of ambition.



## ALEXANDER CLEMENT

A real breadwinner is Mr. Clement, but he has won more than material sustenance this year, for he has gained our respect and pleasure at having one more "boy" on our school roll.

We wish him the fulfillment of all his ambitions.



LEONE GOULD

We at once found Lee, a newcomer this year, generous beyond measure, conscientious, adjustable to our ways which have not always been easy for even all of us to accept. She came to us from Vermont, but Massachusetts may choose to steal such a capable teacher from the maple sugar state.

## MARY LALOR

"Lollipop" we call her. The name may seem irrelevant, but not when it is attached to such a sweet, likable girl. Mary is certainly one who puts plenty into every moment of her life and thereby gains much that everyone covets. We're glad that she could enjoy the opportunities at Our Lady of the Elms and still find occasion to favor us with a year of her presence.

## AGNES REILLY



Miss Reilly, although an experienced school-marm, has not permeated our classes with the spirit of a worn, cross teacher, but has presented herself as one of us — good-natured, appreciative of our complaints at being over-worked, well-informed. We were happy to have her with us even for only a year.

# Former Members

## MARGARET BUCKLEY

Our "Little Buckle" surprised us all by walking out on us at the end of her third year to assume full responsibility as a teacher. Buckle brightened many of our college hours with her unfailing appreciation of anything verging on the amusing. We've missed her this year, but we know that her light-heartedness is filtering in and making a certain schoolroom a happy workshop.

## ROSE MASSACANI

Rose left us thorns pricking our brains with punctures of knowledge while she went forth to sow seeds in Cheshire. We have often pictured her as she must have looked that first morning when she established her headquarters in an honest-to-goodness school and sized herself up with youngsters whom she no doubt had to look up to. We know her success as a teacher has been well affirmed, for Rose always worked well with us.

# THE SENIOR LEGEND

From the hamlets of the Berkshires,  
From North Adams in the foothills,  
From the little towns surrounding,  
Came our tribe, the High School Seniors,  
Came the blondes, brunettes, and titians,  
Came the short, the tall and mighty,  
Eager for an education,  
Eager for the life at college.  
Then a new name were we given  
By the tribe of Upperclassmen,  
Frosh they called us, tribe of Freshmen,  
Lowliest tribe in all the village.  
At a meeting of the warriors  
We were forced to don our headdress,  
Forced to don bright yellow headdress,  
Low mentality implying.  
Radicals! the big chiefs called us,  
Problem children, stubborn, wild ones,  
Shook their heads at every pow-wow,  
Sought the counsel of their fathers  
Big Chiefs Thorndike, Freud, and Dewey,  
Sought a motive for the actions  
Of the Frosh, the tribe of Freshmen,  
Lowliest tribe in all the village.  
Soon our chieftains were elected,  
Chieftains of the tribe of Freshmen.  
From the big chiefs of our college,  
One we chose to be our mentor.  
One beloved by every member  
Was this dainty little teacher,  
"She the best of all musicians,  
She the sweetest of all singers,"  
Offered counsel, words of wisdom  
To the Frosh, the tribe of Freshmen,  
Lowliest tribe in all the village.  
'Tis the custom of each new tribe  
To begin its social season  
With a festive dance and frolic.  
From the hamlets of the Berkshires,  
From North Adams in the foothills,  
From the little towns surrounding  
Came the escorts for our maidens,

Dressed in plumage to attract them.  
Strange our sisters looked that evening,  
Strange their faces were with warpaint,  
Dancing, prancing to the tom-toms,  
At our festive Freshmen frolic.  
Months slipped by, 'til all too quickly  
June approached, and studies ended.  
We were free — no longer Freshmen,  
Lowliest tribe in all the village.  
Then a new name were we given,  
Sophomores, the tribe of guardians,  
Rulers of the new arrivals,  
Freshmen, lowest in the village.  
Our beloved Sweet Singer left us;  
Now a new guide we selected,  
Now a big chief, strong and mighty.  
So with dances, studies, pow-wows,  
And our climb up old Mount Greylock,  
Quickly passed our year as sophomores  
At our new lodge in the mountains,  
High among the noble Berkshires.  
Then a new name were we given,  
Juniors, tribe with disillusion.  
Now had come our time of suffering,  
Time of hard work, sacrifices.  
To the wilds the big chiefs sent us,  
Facing tribes of fierce papooses,  
Sent us to survive or perish.  
We survived, returned to homefires,  
Changed, matured, experienced, weary,  
Worthy of the name of Juniors,  
Worldly tribe and disillusioned.  
Now the Big Chiefs called together  
All the tribes, their friends and kinsmen,  
Bade them come to see us given  
Our rewards, three year diplomas.  
We were free — until the next year.  
Then a new name were we given,  
Seniors, haughty tribe and cliquey.  
Now a year of strife and struggle,  
Now a year of warfare followed,  
Sharp our words were, sharp as arrows,



Aimed at feelings, hurt and wounded.  
Great the problems now that faced us,  
Great one problem ever haunting.  
'Tis a custom of the college  
That each tribe before departing  
Leave some memoir for their sisters,  
Memoir of its years of progress  
From the lowly tribe of Freshmen  
To the haughty tribe of Seniors,  
So we tried to plan a yearbook,  
Tried to plan and tried to pay for.  
Huge the sum the printer wanted,  
Huge the sum for picture taking,  
Small the sum we had collected,  
Wampum! Wampum! was our war cry.  
After many a serious pow-wow,  
After many an hour of planning  
Lo! our yearbook was completed,  
Memoir of our years of progress,  
Memoir of the tribe of Seniors.  
Now approached the time of parting,  
Now new garments were we given,  
Long black robes and caps with tassels,

Solemn, dignified, and stately,  
High mentality implying.  
Once again the Big Chiefs summoned  
All the tribes, their friends and kinsmen,  
Bade them come to see us given  
Our rewards — degree of bachelor.  
To the sound of pounding tom-toms,  
To the sound of horn and symbols,  
Slowly moved our long procession  
To the gathering of the Big Chiefs,  
Chiefs from far and distant hamlets  
Here to give degrees to seniors.  
Then a new name were we given  
By the Big Chief of our college,  
Graduates, the chieftain called us,  
Bachelors of Education.  
So we bade farewell to sisters,  
Said farewell to chieftains mighty,  
Started on our lonesome journey  
Toward a new world huge and frightening,  
Turned and waved farewell to college,  
Turned and sighed farewell to college—  
Graduates, alone — forgotten.

*Mildred Boyd*

# TREATY WITH THE IOWAS (I OWE 'YAS')

On the grounds of Alma Mater  
Where our ivies are in order,  
We, the Seniors, none diviner,  
Teachers of young minds rebelling,  
Gave a sign for freshmen order,  
Stood above our younger sisters,  
Passed the peace-pipe from our circle.  
From our vision, mountains rooted  
Climbed up to the heav'ns unending,  
Stretched their topmost rows of timber  
Till they seemed to be hair standing;  
And the sun, with dying ember,  
At the end of journey daily  
Flung out beauteous shadows blending  
As she glided to her cradle.  
In a setting so conducive  
To the stir of red blood in us,  
With our hearts attuned to giving  
With our Indian ink free flowing,  
Tried to give our friends a bargain;  
Ceded them our prized plunder —  
With a sigh these gifts relinquished;  
For the meekest and the bravest,  
Known as freshmen by our people,  
Scalps of facts we all have murdered;  
For the gayest and the spryest,  
Sophs who've changed their ways to our ways,  
Guns with which to wage all Forums;  
For the brightest and the eldest,  
Juniors closest in their kinship,  
Booty with the warmth of color.

As we scanned the group before us,  
With a sense of pride and duty  
We began to will to teachers  
Things to keep us in their mem'ries.  
To Squaw Weston soccer inj'ries —  
Paw(k)nees barkless from our battles;  
And, in view of future warriors,  
Left behind our bows and arrows  
And our Indian clubs so stable —  
All these, helps for fitness index.

Next came Big Chief Art Instructor,  
Big Chief Flagg with needs so many —  
Furs and skins for cold third floor room,  
Blankets showing our designing.  
With regret he sees us parting  
We who Shoshone in his classes  
When we into cakes of smooth soap  
Had to Chippeways as sculptors.  
To Squaw Underhill went corn sprouts  
Just to maize her garden watchers.  
Then to such a nature lover  
We unselfishly gave summer,—  
Our so gorgeous Indian summer  
Teeming with its harvests ripened;  
With this season for some hiking,  
Went swift moccasins and leggings.  
O Great Spirit, we invoke thee  
As Squaw Donelson's new helper  
To keep books from transmigrating  
From this realm of books and pamphlets  
To unhappy hunting regions.  
With your faithful watch and guarding,  
She no more will be pursuing  
Girls we know she should be Siouxing.  
Our attention turned to music  
To Squaw Boyden and her trilling.  
She needs nightingales a humming  
Not Mo(re)hawks athwarting high notes  
Left our repertoire completed  
And canoes for Indian love calls.  
O Squaw Queeney, new arriver,  
To you Coppermines we donate  
For the many tears you may find  
As you renovate our dorm-home.  
Of us Seniors few were dorm girls,  
But a group so choice as we were  
Hope that next year's dorming inmates  
Will be cherubs just as beaming.  
'Round our eyes went circling, searching  
For another needy suspect,  
Found our answer in Chief Cummings,  
Carpenter to use our Chick(a)saws.

Now Chief Venable is gloating  
 O'er the noble gift we gave him.  
 In his yard the Indian Ocean  
 Will flow in and on forever  
 So its venerable water  
 Can evaluate leaf notebooks  
 By its test of floating power.  
 To Chief Holmes we recommended  
 He continue his son worship,  
 For we plan not to give ours up.  
 For this same dramatic fixer  
 Left we braids to use before plays,  
 Braids of hair so sleek and jet-black.  
 For Squaw Jenkins, next in order,  
 Designated our papooses  
 Young and innocent in conduct  
 To be kept amused with seatwork,  
 Seatwork of a vital nature,  
 Perhaps in the form of witchcraft.  
 Hoofs that galloped loud and clanging  
 Drew up to our Big Chief Luddy,  
 For a pony he'll be needing  
 As he travels to earth's corners,  
 North to southward, east to westward,  
 To keep time with nation's doings.  
 Friendship of our distant tribesmen  
 We bestowed upon Chief Broudy,  
 Haunting his extension courses  
 With an appetite for learning  
 And for earning in profusion  
 All degrees that can be offered.  
 Now that needs of higher up-ers  
 Had been met so well and wisely,  
 Counsel gave we to all others  
 To be careful in the future  
 When in fire-drills, careless steppers  
 Dodged the Indian filing system.

Special, private, dear, possessions  
 Were soon willed to worthy users:  
 Sigrid Lobdell's grand complexion  
 To H. Gwozdz was warmly granted;  
 Doris Jacob, hungry warrior,  
 To Miss Potter, likewise hungry  
 Gladly gave a cornmeal handout;

Ruthie Denison's initials  
 Sure to bring her wealth unbounded,  
 In the garb of Indian R.E.D. dye,  
 Were annexed to Connie Gingras;  
 Tall Bert Ray with neck so stretchy  
 Left her india-rubber neckwear  
 To another shortie — Klammer;  
 Charlotte van Dam, make-up model,  
 Gave her warpaint to Booth — white man.  
 O most worthy Senior tribesmen  
 Who with me have shared dance honors  
 For dance rhythm and fine costumes,  
 What, O what shall be the fate of  
 Dance attire and our war bonnets,  
 Our so gauzelike rainbowed costumes,  
 Our sheer May Day gowns of beauty!  
 Our next duty seemed apparent.  
 We must choose some new tribe leaders  
 To evoke our usual war cries  
 For more homework, longer school days,  
 For dorm privileges fewer.

Long Louise, the basket tosser,  
 Shall be known to all as Sky Land;  
 Dotty Stead, who sleeps through breakfasts  
 She as Hole-in-Day will answer;  
 Ella Seace who tats unceasing  
 Sits for hours on chairs four-leggéd,  
 Shall be Sitting Bull's successor;  
 Eunice Bettcher, a sleep walker  
 Who crawls out of her nest nightly,  
 She, as Little Crow must figure;  
 Shirley Rudnick, blushing beauty,  
 You shall be Red Cloud hereafter;  
 Ermyn Russell and Ruth McKay,  
 Classmates and the best of playmates,  
 You shall stand out as our Two Joys.

With our treasures all bequeathéd,  
 With a war-whoop, beating tom-toms,  
 To the land of the Great Spirit,  
 Follow we the dim horizon  
 E'er to dwell beyond tribe limits.  
 Now Cherokee we with pleasure!

*Ruth Denison*

# PROPHECY OF '38

By our smouldering council fire,  
By the hill we love so dearly,  
We head tribesmen of this council  
Prophecy what will o'ertake us,  
Prophecy the future bravely,  
As 'twill be in nineteen sixty,  
As 'twill be when we are forty.

"Billie" Boyd will do some teaching:  
With this fact we'll not take issue;  
But she will not teach school always,  
For her hair has such great beauty  
That we'll see her picture often  
Advertising some new product;  
But we'll not be fooled by pictures,  
For we'll know there's just one "Billie."

Ruth M. Cohen tells the story  
Of the world and what's before it,  
Of the things that make us truer,  
Braver and more loyal peoples,  
Tells us why the river leads us  
To a place where, though we fear it,  
We shall find that sought-for kindness,  
And these wars of tribes and nations  
Will all cease and be forgotten.  
She'll help teach a greater lesson  
Just as have so many others  
For her knowledge is so learned  
Chiefs will stop and heed her preaching  
She will make her presence needed  
Reaching heights where men will praise her,  
Since she helps them when they're troubled.

M. C. Dempsey, in her tepee,  
Cooks and sews and does her cleaning,  
Hoes her garden, fixes flowers,  
Keeps her wigwam warm and spotless, —  
He'll be proud to bring his friends home;  
All this 'cause she goes to lectures,  
Learning all that they can teach her;  
Little wonder that she's happy.

"Ruthie" Denison will flourish  
As a wife — but more important,  
She'll write clever little stories,  
Flip things for a younger public,  
Giving them shrewd bits of wisdom,  
Leading them without their knowing;  
But their parents will applaud her  
Thanking the Great Spirit for her.

II. Gravelle paints famous pictures  
Of the sun, moon, sky and mountains,  
Of the chief who sits before us,  
Of the forests and the rivers;  
Many men acclaim her talents,  
Call her "artist" with obeisance;  
We are proud of having known her  
This great painter from our council.

Jacob—"Dot" will lead men onward  
To new heights which they've long hoped for,  
On to truth and on to glory,  
Give them faith and give them courage,  
Give them things they've never dreamed of;  
She was such a good chief to us,  
She will be a chief to all men,  
She will lead and men will follow,  
Follow blindly where she leadeth,  
Faithful since she shows such wisdom.

"Peg" La Fontaine brings us pageants  
With her music and her acting,  
With her voice so low and thrilling;  
It is hard to tell between them  
Which her speech and which her playing;  
Though it really does not matter,  
For she does create much beauty,  
And we know that this suffices.

"Babe" Lanone will no doubt shudder  
When she hears this appellation,  
Now she is upon a mission  
Bringing news to all the nations  
From our big chief and his helpers;  
She makes treaties we have hoped for,  
Brings us things to make us better;  
She has really helped our country.

Sigrid Lobdell far will journey,  
Leave behind her those who envy,  
For in Norway, as she's told us,  
She'll find things that she now covets;  
She will settle in that strange land,  
Settle there and be so happy  
Far from us but with her people,  
In that land of cold and sunshine.

"Al" McGrath we'll see quite often  
In a tepee where folks gather;  
They'll eat slowly while they chatter  
Of the world and of their neighbors;



It is she who makes them happy,  
With a smile she finds them places,  
Calls them by their names politely,  
Makes them feel they are important;  
For as hostess she is perfect,  
Truly a delightful hostess.

C. McCormick will amuse us,  
Since we'll find her quoted often;  
Yes, her wise and witty sayings  
Will bring mirth to those who read them,  
Even while they are inspiring  
Just the thoughts that she had hoped for;  
For she'll spur men on to glory  
While she makes them laugh at others.

Betty Neyland far will travel  
Till at last she reaches Russia;  
She will be quite communistic,  
And if there should be a famine  
She will share her food with neighbors,  
Just as did her predecessors;  
She will teach them to be thrifty  
So they'll be a healthy people,  
And for this they will acclaim her,  
Make her leader of their people,  
Proud will be her rank among them,—  
Being their first woman chieftain.

"Flo" Peltier — "the entertainer"—  
Thus will read the signs about us;  
We shall hear of her fine dancing,  
Of her rhythm and her beauty,  
Of the steps she has invented,  
Telling stories of the ages,—  
"History in Dance" she calls it;  
This alone will make her famous.

Bertha Ray, the great composer,  
Gives much music to her tribesmen,  
Music that will soothe and comfort,  
Music with great moods and fancies,  
Greater even than Debussy.  
This wee miss has other talents,  
And if lyrics too attract you  
She will write them with great fervor;  
They may rumble like the thunder,  
Or perhaps they'll tinkle softly;  
Anyway her words and music  
Will live on forever lasting.

C. Rokita with her science  
Will astound those who surround her,  
Making cloth from almost nothing,  
Making food surpassing nature's;  
She will make us self-sufficient,  
One great tribe and all its people  
She'll make happy with her efforts,  
And they'll call her "Queen of Science."

C. VanDam will be a model,  
And she'll show the Junior Leaguers  
How to wear their gowns of fashion,  
How to perch their hats correctly,  
How to choose their tiny slippers,  
How to don their lacey gauntlets;  
Of them all she'll be the envy,—  
She who is so chic and stylish.

Leone Gould will start a bus line,  
So the transportation problem  
Of the girls who want to travel  
From this campfire to another  
May at least be made more easy;  
Oh, how many girls will praise her,  
Since they will not need to hurry,  
For her bus will wait right near here,  
Since she knows what she is doing.

Mary Lalor, sweet and winsome,  
Makes so many lives seem brighter,  
For she goes to many houses,  
Bringing joy where'er she enters;  
With her smile she charms the millions,  
Making friends where others failed to,  
Making friends of all the people;  
She will teach them, she will help them.

So this is our last prediction,  
As we slowly watch our fire  
We have built here die so surely.  
All we hope is — with our passing  
We'll perhaps be mourned a little,  
Hope we shall attain new summits;  
For it was around this campfire  
That we first learned how to reach them,  
And we'll not forget while rising  
That we had these small beginnings.

*Shirley Champlin*

# IVY POEM

When first I saw your waxen ivy leaves  
'Twas after showers, fresh with shining drops.  
You clung, with gentle tendrils, to the wall  
As if its closeness helped you feel its strength,  
And its resistance to the storm could pass  
To you — encouraging your own self-pow'r.

Perhaps, when time has gone its fleeting way  
And left us — stranded on the beach of strife,  
We too shall need support when storms appear  
We too shall need to feel a might supreme.

Then shall we feel, oh ivy, just as you.  
The nearness of some staunch defender seems  
Conducive of a stream of courage, life.  
We also to our Alma Mater turn.  
The sureness and security it brings  
Re-echoes back to us, renews our hope.

When show'r is by, and sunshine hours return,  
You may see us as first I saw you there.  
A tear or two, perhaps, yet still we'll cling  
To Alma Mater's ever helping hand.

*Bertha Ray*



# CLASS SONG

College of ours through the years to come  
We'll be ever true to thee.  
In our hearts a faith and love  
Will live eternally.  
Here we have worked and played together  
Gaining treasures far dearer than gold.  
And though hard be the task we'll conquer,  
The name of our school uphold.  
And with faith in the trust we've placed in thee  
We'll ever reach our goal.

Music—*Helen Gravelle*

Words—*Margaret Lanoue*



## UNDERGRADUATES

*Underclassmen, may you ever  
Keep the customs we've held dearly,  
Make our alma mater better,  
Make her proud to call you children.*







### THE JUNIOR LEGEND

All nature was resplendent during that Indian Summer when the fair-skinned maidens of our tribe joined the Mohawks and the Greylocks. Perhaps the eager freshness of our faces appealed to the sympathetic nature of the older, wiser sisters, for with cautious forethought and diplomatic management they guided us along the trail to understanding. Keen-minded chieftains added their efforts to the forwarding of wisdom. Soon we realized that in order to receive the sheepskins we desired, we would have to burn the midnight oil. Not all our time was spent so laboriously. We climbed the lofty peaks about us, held tribal pow-wows of great ceremony, feasted, sang and danced together. In the costume of the ancients we portrayed the life before us. Then we parted for a short time.

Again the gold-washed mountains greeted us as we returned to the familiar tepee on the hill. Our exuberant spirits had to be expressed through a big and festive Corn Dance before we settled down to the serious business of supervising the self-complacent new ones. We executed our duties and turned again to the more serious pursuit of knowledge. Long and earnestly we labored to collect enough wampum for a journey to the sea shore and bay town. Tribal reports will prove that our maidens were most versatile and possessed many admirable qualities.

These commendable attributes serve as excellent copy for our younger sisters and brothers, who vainly strive to follow in our footsteps.

Now the period of arduous training has arrived and as we struggle hopefully along still assisted by experienced leaders, we confidently aspire toward the last long climb — the period of testing and success!

*Janet Jillson, '39*





### THE LEGEND OF THE SOPHOMORES

Long, long ago, to the North entrance of the Great Wigwam timidly ventured a few papooses of a greenish complexion. Big Sisters carefully guided stumbling mocassins; Big Chiefs thoughtfully added great quantities of homework, until the freshly-entered ones were finally blanketed and bestowed with membership in the most learned tepee. The erstwhile silent group made raucous mark upon the buck-skinned calendar. Spirit Party, Planting Dance were theirs for celebration. Big Sing and Heap Big Study were their consideration. Thus came the eager youngsters to great learning.

Many moons had risen and set, a long and joyous growing season had passed, before the same group once again approached the Great Wigwam, this time, however, entering by the South entrance and seating themselves in state upon the logs reserved for the Sophomore tribe. In realization of a great necessity, this mighty tribe at once undertook the task of acquainting ignorant children with the ceremonial rites and rituals of tribal life. All this was duly and satisfactorily performed.

The harvest season was nearly spent before those merrymaking maidens urged one and all to don bright feathers and replenish paint for the initial and the best toe-trip of the year.

Throughout the rule of hoary Winter and even in the young Spring's reign, Sophomoric enthusiasm, pep, and zeal were noted by the tribesmen. Each pow-wow, counsel, contest, and each session of learning was enlivened by lusty war-whoop and merry guffaw, symbols of that proud and lofty clan.

Thus stood the record of the noble tribe of Sophomores on the birch-bound rolls of fame.

*Dorethy Stead, '40*



### THE LEGEND OF THE FRESHMEN

With the harvest moon just coming, when the cornfield stood erect, young braves of many nations, in from north and south Berkshire, from Franklin, and from farthest Hampden, in followed the trail of the great-eyed owl, the wise one, — followed so that others they could lead in the days to come. Thus they reached this House of Learning and assembled within the good wigwam, Taconic. At the first great council-fire they received the salutations and admonitions of Big Chief Bowman; with him they smoked the peace-pipe of good-will. The sign of friendship they received from all the chiefs and sacheins, — the chief of all-good-English, the chief of all-that's-past, the medicine-man of nature, the keeper of the books, the guardian of well-being, the maker of the song, the master-friend of the rainbow, the witch-doctors of the mind.

But the initiates were pounced upon by the budding warriors who had been spronting for twelve moons. The young ones were stripped of their paint and make-up; their scalps removed with orange skull-caps. This and other humiliations they endured with stoicism up until the feast-day of Thanksgiving. However, on the eve of the day of saints the striplings invoked the spirits of ghosts and goblins, filled dark ways with webs and witches, and provided a merry pow-wow for the whole tribe.

By the time of the season of Merry Giving, big sister tribeswomen and little sister tribeswomen, — not to mention three little brother tribesmen, — were united as one: then were there pleasant doings, songs and feasting, laughter and giftgiving at the wigwam, by the council-fire. In the midst of winter, with common fortitude, the whole tribe ran the examination gamut, the happy outcome of which was celebrated, at the coming of the robin, by a ceremonial dance fostered by the young braves.

All the while, the tribe was increasing its wampum of knowledge with sparkling beads of learning. And when the Great Spirit sent the rays of flaming sun in a great rush upon the earth, the plucky young braves stuck a feather in their bonnets, — proud to be established as full-fledged members of the House of Learning in the Berkshires.

*Stanley Gradziel, '41*

## ACTIVITIES

*Music, drama, painting, reading,  
Soccer, tennis, baseball, hiking,  
These and many other pastimes  
Brightened hours of work and study.*











### Student Council

*President*

Doris Jacob '38

*Secretary-Treasurer*

Margaret Lanoue '38

THROUGHOUT the school year we have frequently listened to the announcement, "The Student Council will meet . . ." and if the notice was not intimately connected with us, we immediately forgot about this group.

Our able representatives do not receive the publicity given to other organizations; yet they function efficiently and cooperatively for our benefit. The successful Christmas banquet, sponsored by the Council, is ample proof of their effective organization.

We have been represented not only at the New York Conference but also at the State Conference in Boston.

We take this opportunity to voice our appreciation for the services of this Council.



### Nisatin Staff

*Editor-in-Chief*

*Assistant*

*Literary Editor*

*Assistants*

*Art Editor*

*Business Manager*

*Assistants*

Margaret Lanoue '38

Mildred Boyd '38

Bertha Ray '38

(Ruth Denison '38

Shirley Champlin '38

Janet Jillson '39

(Dorethy Stead '40

Helen Gravelle '38

Claire Dempsey '38

(Margaret LaFontaine '38

(Florence Peltier '38



### The Dramatic Club

*President*..... Claire Dempsey

*Vice-President*..... Helen Gwozdz

*Secretary-Treasurer*..... Rita McAndrews

*"The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,  
Which God and nature do with actors fill."*

*Heywood*

THE DRAMATIC Club opened another successful year by adding to its membership a fund of new talent.

They presented at one of our first student assemblies an interesting and amusing program on lighting, make-up and costuming.

The club members have discussed current productions and have dramatized at their meetings scenes from the New York stage.

If the activities of the Dramatic Club in the coming year are as commanding and as successful as those of the present year, the club will be kept busy weeding out the applicants to this growing organization.



### Glee Club

*President*

Helen Gravelle '38

*Vice-President*

Louise Long '39

*Secretary-Treasurer*

Priscilla Booth '40

*Librarians*

{ Ella Seace '41  
Helen Shea '40

UNDER Miss Lillian Boyden's able baton the Glee Club swung into action almost as soon as the college doors opened in September.

The approaching Christmas holidays heralded not only coming cheer but the culmination of many weeks of hard work, the Concert. In addition to a program of numbers calculated to show the varied ability of the group a selection of carols was presented in which their natural charm was enhanced by flickering candle-light.

Then on through the year the songsters celebrated each season in the appropriate key at entertainments and exercises, besides the bi-weekly meetings.

No Commencement Week could be quite complete without the aid of song. In this way the Glee Club brought to a close another successful year.





### Art Club

*President*

Beth Lane '40

*Secretary-Treasurer*

Grace Morse '40

*Program Chairman*

Elaine McCormick '40

CHARCOAL over one eyebrow, a paint brush thrust behind an ear, the Art Club dabs and putters to its heart's content.

The year started ambitiously with several lectures and demonstrations by way of introduction to the types of media used, but before much experimentation could be tried an assembly program beckoned. New trends in Christmas decorations seemed to please everyone, including the "Daubers" themselves.

Decorating here, designing there, the club suddenly acquired a real purpose. Noticing the drab walls of the dininghall, it decided to remedy matters. Accordingly, plans were made and designs plotted for murals to enliven those walls. Although this work will probably extend over several years, nevertheless the club is certain that a year that marked, besides the start of its career, the first steps of such an enterprise is quite a complete one.





### W. A. A.

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Head of Sports*

Charlotte van Dam '38  
 Louise Long '39  
 Dorethy Stead '40  
 Louise Pignatielli '40  
 Helen Donnis '39

TO THE tune of bruised knees the freshmen were introduced via the soccer field to the activities of the W. A. A. Proving their mettle there, the next event was more than enough to faze even the hardened upperclassmen as up the Thunderbolt Ski Trail we labored to be rewarded by hot dogs and fun on Greylock's lofty peak.

Plans for another winter carnival were dissolved when the necessary snow failed to appear, and only the rhythm of Helen Gravelle's orchestra a few weeks later could soothe our wounded spirits.

Each sport held enthusiastic sway over the portion of the year it called its own. Inter-class games, hiking, and ladder tournaments accounted for our leisure time.

Play Day and May Day joined hands for a colorful display in the late spring. And so the year was ended with the same energetic bang as marked its beginning.



### Current Events Club

*President*

Priscilla Booth '40

*Vice-President*

Marjorie Bower '39

*Secretary*

Margaret Russell '40

ONE OF the largest clubs in the school, the Current Events Club has done much toward keeping its members from assuming that well-known attitude of ignoring the world at large, of seeing only as far as the limits of the campus.

Every two weeks during the year this group met, listened critically to the carefully prepared topics of several members, and discussed various points with vehemence. The scope of material was broad, ranging from the Panay incident and the war in China along a varied course to current literature and movies.

The value of such an organization can be measured only by noticing the increased interest in the newspapers and the intelligent answers forthcoming. Altogether the club looks back upon an enjoyable, worthwhile year and forward to the second.



### Poetry Club

*President*

Florence Peltier '38

*Vice-President*

Julia Mish '40

*Secretary-Treasurer*

Ruth Denison '38

LADEN with books of favorite verse and armed with a dreamy look, off they trot for a few hours every two weeks to worship at their muse's feet and to mingle with fellow-worshippers.

Keats, Swinburne, Lindsay! Sonnets, free verse, parodies. So on and on they read aloud, discuss, or just enjoy. Occasionally this avid and rather distant group appears in public with a bit of choral speaking but more frequently it remains hidden from all save the chosen few, its members. It has been rumored too that a few successful stabs at original verse have been made and that potential poets are in our midst.

Although the year has now closed, volumes of poetry protrude from suitcases and bags, mute evidence that the love and appreciation of poetry has deepened through the influence of the club and its valuable, enjoyable experience.





### The Photography Club

*President* ..... Stanley Gradziel

*Vice-President* ..... Mary Connors

*Treasurer* ..... Gerald Cleary

SOMETHING new in the line of clubs was instituted this year, representative of the vital interest we have in pictorial art — a Photography Club.

Mr. Blair, of Williamstown, lectured to this group several times and gave valuable instruction about developing film and printing pictures.

It is understood by non-members that this club possesses a dark room — so perhaps their theme song is "Out of the Darkness."

So far we have seen no candid camera shots of campus life, but we look forward to reviewing the interesting results of the members' future efforts in this field.



### Ensemble

Violins

Beth Weston

Margaret LaFontaine '38

Cello

Lillian Boyden

Clarinet

Louise Long '39

Trumpet

Irma Klammer '39

Piano

Ruth Tabor '41



NAME	KNOWN AS	ALWAYS FOUND	NOTED FOR	WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF
Mildred Boyd	Billie	Imitating	Blonde hair	Gained weight
Shirley Champlin	Shirl	In Anes'	Smile	Fell out of love
Ruth Cohen	Ruth	In the library	Memory	Lost her money box
M. Claire Dempsey	Demps	With the gang	Enthusiasm	Became down-hearted
Ruth Denison	Ruthie	In her room	Neatness	Wore make-up
Leone Gould	Lee	Writing letters	Reading	Lost her drawl
Helen Gravelle	Helen	Playing the piano	Pep	Were on time
Doris Jacob	Dot	With Peltier	Frankness	Didn't like gardenias
Margaret LaFountaine	Peg	Waiting for a bus	Poise	Lost her violin
Margaret Lanoue	Babe	Eating	Giggle	Flunked an exam
Sigrid Lobdell	Siggie	Every place else	Bluffing	Didn't have her peaches and cream complexion
Clara McCormick	Clara	At home	Wit	Became excited
Alice McGrath	Al	Looking for things	Sportsmanship	Were disagreeable
Betty Neyland	Betty	Spinning yarns	Summer tan	Lost her tact
Florence Peltier	Flo	We give up	Dancing	Car were empty
Bertha Ray	Bert	At School dances	Independence	Were pessimistic
Agnes Reilly	Miss	In the school room	Sunny disposition	Were un-cooperative
Charlotte Rokita	Charlotte	Wishing	Sparkling eyes	Sense of humor failed
Charlotte van Dam	Charlie	Rushing around	Matter of factness	Lowered her PFI



1. Betty Neyland	2. Ruth Denison	3. Mildred Boyd	4. Claire Dempsey	5. Sigrid Lodbell
6. Helen Gravelle	7. Margaret LaFontaine	8. Bertha Ray	9. Florence Peltier	10. Charlotte Van Dam
	11. Ruth Cowen	12. Doris Jacob	13. Margaret Lanoue	









# SENIOR CLASS

Mildred Boyd	478 Church Street, North Adams
Shirley-Jane Champlin	411 High Street, Dalton
Alexander Clement	15 Montana Street, North Adams
Ruth Cohen	82 John Street, Pittsfield
Margaret Claire Dempsey	71 Blackinton Street, North Adams
Ruth Denison	12 Glenwood Avenue, Pittsfield
Leone Gould	Morrisville, Vermont
Helen Gravelle	14 Melrose Street, Adams
Laurence Haskins	Berlin Road, Williamstown
Doris Jacob	12 Walker Street, North Adams
Margaret LaFontaine	22 Grove Street, Adams
Mary Lalor	21 Conway Street, Greenfield
Margaret Lanoue	50 Lawrence Avenue, North Adams
Sigrid Lobdell	Beacon Street, Housatonic
Clara McCormick	278 Ashland Street, North Adams
Alice McGrath	88 Summer Street, Adams
Elizabeth A. Neyland	133 Main Street, Williamstown
Florence Peltier	92 Cleveland Avenue, North Adams
Bertha Ray	10 Maple Street, Williamstown
Agnes Reilly	81 Holbrook Street, North Adams
Charlotte Rokita	4 Meadow Lane, Adams
Charlotte vanDam	25 Hull Street, Pittsfield



## JUNIOR CLASS

Virginia Belanger  
Rita Belisle  
Marjorie Bower  
Margaret Clark  
Mary Connors  
Rita Conway  
Betty Davine  
Anne Degnan  
Edith Dodge  
Helen Donnis  
Elizabeth Dresbold  
Doris DuPont

Agnes Fairbanks  
Helen Gwozdz  
Janet Jillson  
Helena Kennedy  
Mary Kidney  
Irma Klammer  
Louise Long  
Cecile Luksovicz  
Elizabeth Marshall  
R. Lucille Maxymillian  
Nan Sullivan  
Dorothy Whitcombe

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

Eleanor Beneat  
Priscilla Booth  
Helen Brown  
Ruth Carpenter  
Mary Farren  
Constance Gingras  
Grace Eleanor Hall  
Anna Hayden  
Charlotte Hunt  
Olga Jurgilewicz  
Elizabeth Lane  
Jane Livermore  
Elaine McCormick

Rita McAndrews  
Julia Mish  
Grace Morse  
Josephine O'Brien  
Louise Pignatielli  
Shirley Rudnick  
Margaret Russell  
Evelyn Rustemeyer  
Estelle Sarnecki  
Marion Shapiro  
Helen Shea  
Dorethy Stead  
Alice Warner  
Eleanor Wheeler

## FRESHMAN CLASS

Walter Barrett  
Frances Mary Barry  
Margaret Benedetti  
Marie Eunice Bettcher  
Constance Beverly  
Ruth Boyington  
Rose Butterly  
June Chase  
Gerald Cleary  
Claire Olive Collins  
Mary Flynn  
Margherita Garofalo  
Gladys Goddard  
Stanley Gradziel  
Dorothy Kruszyna  
Helen Leavens

Ruth McKay  
Betty Pierson  
Christine Pike  
Helen Potter  
Helen Quinton  
Martha Rand  
Ermyrn Russell  
Ella Scace  
Frances Scully  
Ernestine Smith  
Martha Stein  
Charlotte Stewart  
Priscilla Stuart  
Ruth Tabor  
Dolores Vanotti  
Marylyn Jennie Wincek

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